

Panama Canal Tolls Up to Congress



WASHINGTON.—That the question of legislation relative to canal tolls and regulations and the government of the canal zone will come before congress at the very outset of the session and that it will be one of the most important matters of the winter in a legislative way was the view expressed by Senator Bristow of Kansas. He is a member of the committee on inter-oceanic canals and recently returned from a visit to the canal zone.

Senator Bristow summed up his impression of the canal and the work being done on it with one word: "Great." He commends in the highest terms the efforts of those in charge of the construction of the canal. He expects to see it opened in 1913.

"The matter of tolls and regulations should be settled this session," said he. "Those who are looking forward to the use of the canal want to know what they can expect. The fixing of the tolls is the chief problem. It is the most important question relative to the canal to be worked out. And the tolls should be fixed by legislation. If they are left to regulation,

the executive can change them in twenty-four hours. They should be put on a permanent basis and it must be done by congress."

Just at what figure to fix the tolls, Senator Bristow pointed out, is something difficult to work out. Many interesting and important factors enter into the solution. It is expected that the canal will cost \$3,000,000 or more a year to maintain. This sum ought to be made up by tolls, if feasible, he says.

"The problem is to put the tolls at the point where they will bring in the most revenue," said the senator. "Ships, for instance, between the east coast of the United States and the west coast of South America naturally will use the canal. But if the tolls are fixed too high, vessels starting from or going to points far down on the Pacific coast of South America will go around the Horn in preference to using the canal. If the tolls are sufficiently low most of the business will pass through the canal."

"The same thing is true as to vessels between Europe and the west coast of South America. High tolls will drive many of these vessels around the Horn, while low tolls will bring many of them through the canal. On the rate of tolls will depend, too, whether vessels from Japan bound for Europe use the canal or go by way of Suez. Many points have to be considered, therefore, in fixing the tolls."

darker, her eyes have a different expression, and she must be five or six years older."

"Do—do you know her well?" "No, indeed; I have seen her several times on the stage, but never met her until a few moments ago."

"A few moments ago! Do you mean she is here in this hotel?"

"Yes, Miss Hope, and that was what made the mistake in names so laughable. Fairbairn gave me your message, but as coming from Christie, I was, of course, greatly surprised, yet responded. The lady very promptly denied having sent for me, but as I was anxious to interview her myself, we managed to drift into conversation, and I must have passed a half hour there. I might have been there still, but for an interruption."

"Oh, indeed!" with rising inflection. He glanced quickly about, reminded of the situation.

"Yes, Hawley came in, and I would prefer not to meet him here, or have him discover you were in Sheridan. Could we not go to your room? I have much to tell you."

Her questioning eyes left his face, and stared down over the rail. A heavily built man, with red moustache, leaned against the clerk's desk, his face toward them.

"Do you know that man?" she asked quickly. "He followed me all the time I was shopping. I—I believe he is the same one who jostled me in the crowd last night."

Keith leaned past her to get a better view, but the fellow turned, and slouched away.

"I only had a glimpse, but have no recollection of ever seeing him before. You heard no name?"

"Wild Bill" called him either Scott, or Scotty—if this is the same man."

Keith's jaw set, the fighting light burning in his eyes. That was the name of the fellow rooming with Willoughby, the one who seemed to be Hawley's special assistant. Was he here as a spy? His hands clinched on the rail. He was anxious to go down and wring the truth out of him, but instead, he compelled his eyes to smile, turning back to the girl.

"A mere accident probably; but about my request? May I talk with you a few moments alone?"

She bowed, apparently still dissatisfied regarding his lengthy conversation with Christie, yet permitted him to follow down the hall. She held open the door of "15," and he entered



"Was Your Call Upon Miss MacLaire Very Interesting?"

silently, not wholly understanding the change in her manner. She stood before the dresser, drawing off her gloves and removing her hat.

"Will you be seated, Captain; the arm-chair by the window is the more comfortable." She turned toward him, almost shyly, yet with womanly curiosity which would not be still.

"Was your call upon Miss MacLaire very interesting? Did you admire her very much?"

Keith's eyes lifted to her face, his ears quick to detect the undertone in her voice.

"Interesting? Yes, for I was seeking after information, and met with some success. As to the other question, I am not sure whether I admire the lady or not. She is bright, pretty, and companionable, and in spite of her profession, at heart, I believe, a good woman. But really, Miss Hope, I was too deeply immersed in my purpose to give her personality much consideration. Among other things we spoke of you."

"Of me? Why?" "I told her something of our adventures together; of how both Hawley and I had been confused. She was anxious to learn who you were, but unfortunately, I have never, even yet, heard your name."

"You have not?" "No; I left you at Fort Larned believing you Christie MacLaire—supposing it your stage name, of course—and was confirmed in this belief by finding in the holster of the saddle you had been riding an envelope bearing that address."

"I remember; it contained the note the man brought to me from Hawley; he had written it that way." She crossed the room, sinking down into a chair facing him. "And you have actually confused me with Christie MacLaire all this while? Have never known who I was?"

He shook his head. "I told you to call me Hope; that is my name—I am Hope Waite."

"Waite!" he leaned forward, startled by the possibility—"not—not—" "Yes," she burst in, holding out her hands, clasping the locket, "and this was my father's; where did you get it?"

He took the trinket from her, turning it over in his fingers. Little by lit-

tle the threads of mystery were being unraveled, yet, even now, he could not see very far. He looked up from the locket into her questioning face.

"Did I not tell you? No; then it was an oversight. This was about the throat of one of the men I buried at Cimmaron Crossing, but—but, Hope, it was not your father's."

"I know," her voice choking slightly. "Mrs. Murphy found that out; that is why I am here. I heard my father came to Sheridan, and I wanted you to help me find him."

He was thinking and did not answer at once, and she went on in some alarm.

"Do you know anything about him, Captain Keith? Where is he? Why is he here? Don't be afraid to tell me."

He pressed the locket back into her hand, retaining the latter, unresisted, within his own.

"I have not seen your father, Hope, but he was certainly here a few days ago, for Fairbairn met him. They were together in the army. I am going to tell you all I know—it seems to be a tangled web, but the ends must be somewhere, although, I confess, I am all at sea."

He told it slowly and simply, bringing forth his earlier suspicion, and how he had stumbled upon facts apparently confirming them. He related her father's robbery, his loss of valuable papers, and the conversation between Hawley and Scott which led to the suspicion that these same papers had fallen into the hands of the former, and were the basis of his plot. Hope listened, breathless with interest, her widely opened eyes filled with wonder. As he concluded speaking she burst forth:

"But I don't understand in the least, Captain Keith. Why did this man Hawley send me to the Salt Fork?" "He thought he was dealing with Christie MacLaire. He had some reason for getting her away; getting her where he could exercise influence over her."

"Yes—yes; but who is she?" "That is what makes the matter so hard to unravel. She doesn't even know herself. Hawley is going to take advantage of her ignorance in this respect, and convince her that she is the person he wishes her to represent—but who is the person? If we knew that we might block the game."

Both sat silent, striving to figure out some reasonable explanation.

"Do you know of any special papers your father carried?" he asked.

"No; none outside his business agreements."

"Has any one ever disappeared connected with your family? Did you have an older sister?"

"Fred and I were the only children. Why should you ask that question?"

"Because something of that nature would seem to be the only rational explanation. Your brother must have told Hawley something—some family secret—which he felt could be utilized to his own advantage. Then he saw your picture, and was immediately reminded of the remarkable resemblance between you and Christie MacLaire. Evidently this discovery fitted into his plan, and made it possible for him to proceed. He has been trying ever since to get an interview with the woman, to sound her, and find out what he can do with her. He has written letters, sufficiently explicit to make it clear his scheme is based upon a will drawn, as he claims, by Christie's grandfather. No doubt by this time he has fully convinced the girl that she is the rightful heiress to property—as he stated to Scott—valued at over a million dollars. That's a stake worth fighting for, and these two will make a hard combination. He's got the papers, or claims to have, and they must be the ones stolen from your father. I have been trusting you might know something in your family history which would make it all plain."

"But I do not," decisively. "You must believe me; not so much as a hint of any secret has ever reached me. There are only the four of us, Father, Mother, Fred, and I. I am sure there can be no secret; nothing which I would not know. Perhaps, if I could see Miss MacLaire—"

"I am convinced that would be useless," he interrupted, rising, and pacing across the floor. "If Hawley has convinced her of the justice of the claim, he will also have pledged her to secrecy. He is working out of sight like a mole, for he knows the fraud, and will never come to the surface until everything is in readiness. I know a better way; I'll find Fred, and bring him here. He would tell you whatever it was he told Hawley, and that will give us the clue."

He picked up his hat from the table, but she rose to her feet, holding forth her hands.

"I cannot thank you enough, Captain Keith," she exclaimed frankly. "You are doing so much, and with no personal interest—"

"Oh, but I have."

The long lashes dropped over the brown eyes.

"What do you mean?" "That I have a personal interest—in you, Hope."

She stood silent, her bosom rising and falling to rapid breathing.

"You don't mind my calling you Hope? I haven't got used to Miss Waite yet."

Her eyes met his swiftly.

"Of course, not. Such ceremony would be foolish after all you have done for me. Do—do you call her Christie?"

He laughed, clasping her hands closer.

"I assure you no—she is strictly Miss MacLaire, and," solemnly, "shall be to the end of the chapter."

"Oh, well, I didn't care, only that

was what you called her when you were telling me what she said. Are you going?"

"Yes, to find Fred; the sooner we can get this straightened out, the better."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Mistake in Assassination.

Let his future be what it might, Jack Keith would never again forget the girl who held the door open for his passage with one hand, her other clasped in his. Interested before, yet forcing himself into indifference now that he knew who she really was, the man made full surrender. It was a struggle that kept him from clasping the slender figure in his arms, and pouring forth the words of tenderness which he sternly choked back. This was neither the time, nor the place, yet his eyes must have spoken, for Hope's glance fell, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"I do not need to pledge you to return this time, do I?" she questioned, her voice trembling.

"No," he answered, "nor any time again."

The hall was deserted, but a few men loitered in the office. Keith recognized none of the faces, and did not stop to make any inquiries of the clerk. It was growing dark, the lights already burning, and from the plashing of drops on the window, it must be raining outside. Hawley would surely have ended his call upon Miss MacLaire long before this, and left the hotel. However interesting his communication might have proven, she must fill her evening engagement at the Trocadero, and would require time for supper and rest. As to the result of that interview there could be little doubt. Providing the gambler possessed the proper papers he would have small difficulty in convincing the girl that she was indeed the one sought. Keith had probed sufficiently into her mind to feel assured that her inclination was to side with Hawley. Under all the circumstances this was natural enough, and he did not blame her.

He glanced into the bar-room as he passed, not in any anticipation, but merely from the vigilance which becomes second nature upon the frontier. Hawley stood leaning against the bar, where he could see any one passing through the hall. The eyes of the two men met, but the gambler never moved, never changed his attitude, although Keith noted that his right hand was hidden beneath the skirts of his long coat. The plainsmen drew back, facing his enemy, until he reached the outer door. There was a sneer on Hawley's dark sinister face like an invitation, but a memory of the girl he had just left, and her dependence upon him, caused Keith to avoid an encounter. He would fight this affair out in a different way. As the door opened and he slipped forth into the gloom, he brushed against a man apparently just entering. The gleam of light fell for an instant upon the face of the other—it was Scotty with the red moustache.

They had been watching for him then—what for? Hawley on the inside, and this man Scott without, were waiting to determine when he left the hotel; would probably dog his footsteps to discover where he went. Keith loosened his revolver, so as to be assured he could draw quickly, and slipped back into the shadow of the steps, his eyes on the door of the hotel. There was a cold, drizzly rain falling, the streets almost deserted, appearing sullen and miserable where the lights shone forth through saloon windows. One or two men, seeking supper, coat collars turned up and hats drawn low over their eyes, climbed the rickety steps and went in, but no one came out. Perhaps he was mistaken as to the purpose of those fellows; they may have desired merely to know when he left, or Scott's return just at that moment might have been an accident. To be sure, the hotel possessed a back exit, but he could not cover both ends of the building, and must take his chances. It was too wet and disagreeable to remain crouched there, now that it was evident there was no intention of following him. With hand on the butt of his gun, suspicious and watchful, yet with scarcely a faster beat to his heart, Keith straightened up, and began splashing his way through the mud down the street. He knew where Willoughby would be most likely found at this hour—with cronies at the "Tenderfoot"—and he meant to discover the boy, and make him confess to Hope the truth. Matters had now reached a point where longer delay was dangerous.

Sheridan was seemingly dead, the long street silent, gloomy, black, except for those streams of saloon light shining across pools of water. He stumbled over the irregular ground, occasionally striking patches of wooden sidewalk or a strip of cinders. Here and there a tent flapped in the wind, which drove the drizzle into his face; somewhere ahead a swinging sign moaned as if in agony. A few wanderers ploughed through the mud, dim uncertain shapes appearing and vanishing in the gloom. He had gone a block and over, the struggle against the elements leaving him forgetful of all else, when a man reeled out of some dimly lit shack to his right, and staggered drunkenly forward a few feet in advance. He could barely distinguish the fellow's outlines, giving little thought to the occurrence, for the way was unusually black along there, the saloon opposite having shades drawn. Suddenly a flash of red fire sprang into the night, with a sharp report. It was so close at hand it blinded him, and he flung up one arm over his eyes, and yet, in that single instant, he perceived the whole

picture as revealed by the red flash. He saw the man in front go down in a heap, the projection of the building from behind which the shot came, the end of a wagon sticking forth into the street which had concealed the assassin. The blinding flash, the shock of that sudden discharge, for a moment held him motionless; then he leaped forward, revolver in hand, sprang around the end of the wagon, and rushed down the dark alley between two buildings. He could see nothing, but some one was running recklessly ahead of him, and he fired in the direction of the sound, the leaping spurt of flame yielding a dim outline of the fugitive. Three times he pressed the trigger; then there



Keith Saw the Man Go Down in a Heap.

was nothing to shoot at—the fellow had faded away into the black void of prairie. Keith stood there baffled, staring about into the gloom, the smoking revolver in his hand. The sound of men's voices behind was all that reached him, and feeling the uselessness of further pursuit, he retraced his way back through the narrow passage.

A group was gathered about the body in the rain, a single lantern glimmering. Two or three men had started down the passageway, and Keith met them, revolvers drawn and suspicious.

"Who are you?" snapped one sharply. "Were you doing all that shooting yonder?"

Keith recognized the voice, thankful that he did so.

"I fired at the fellow, but he got away onto the prairie. I reckon you couldn't have done any better, Bill."

"Jack Keith!" and Hickock's voice had a new tone, his hand dropping on the other's shoulder. "Never was gladder to meet a fellow in my life. Boys, this is an old deputy of mine down in Dodge. When he gives up chasin' a murderer there isn't much use our tryin'. Let's go back, and find out how bad the fellow is hurt. While we're feelin' our way, Jack, you might tell us what you know about this affair."

"It was just the flash of a gun, and the man dropped," Keith explained, briefly. "I was ten or a dozen feet behind, and the fellow fired from under the wagon there. He must have been laying for some one—I reckon, maybe, it was me."

"You? Then it's likely you have some notion who he was?"

"Well, if I have, Bill, and Keith's lips were set tight, "I'm not liable to tell you. If it's the lad I think likely, I'll attend to the case myself. You understand—this is my personal affair."

Hickock nodded, his hand again pressing the other's shoulder.

"Sure, Jack, if you feel that way. There's enough doing here in Sheridan to keep a marshal reasonably busy, without dippin' into private matters. I rather reckon you can take care of yourself, but if you need me, old boy, I'm always right here on the job. You know that."

"I do, Bill, and appreciate it."

The group about the motionless body fell away, and made room for the marshal, the last man to rise saying soberly:

"He's dead all right, Hickock. I guess he never knew what hit him. Good shootin', too, dark as it is here."

"Had the range fixed, likely," returned the marshal. "That's what makes it look like it was arranged for."

He bent down, striving to distinguish the dead man's features turned up to the drizzle, but the night revealed only the faintest outline.

"Anybody know him?" There was no response, only a shuffling of feet in the mud. "Here, you man with the lantern, hold it over where I can see. There, that is better. Now, you fellows take a look, and see if some of you can't name the poor devil."

They glanced down, one after the other, over Bill's shoulder, shading their eyes from the rain so as to see clearer. The light of the flickering lantern streamed full on the ghastly face, but each man shook his head, and passed on. Keith hung back, hoping some one would identify the body, and not make it necessary for him to take part in the gruesome task. It was not likely to be any one he knew, and besides, he felt the man had died in his stead, and he dreaded to look upon the stricken face. When the last of the group had drifted back out of the radius of light, Hickock looked up and saw him.

"Here, Jack," he said, gravely, "you better try—you might know him."

Keith bent over and looked down. As he did so his heart seemed to rise choking into his throat, and a blur

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXIII.

An Unexpected Meeting.

Keith paused at the landing, looking down into the deserted office, almost tempted to return and force Hawley into a confession of his purpose. It was easy for him to conceive what would be the final result of this interview between the artistic gambler and Miss MacLaire. In spite of the vague suspicion of evil which the plainsmen had implanted within the woman's mind, the other possessed the advantage, and would certainly improve it. All conditions were decidedly in his favor. He merely needed to convince the girl that she was actually the party sought, and she would go forward, playing the game he desired, believing herself right, totally unconscious of any fraud. The very simplicity of it rendered the plot the more dangerous, the more difficult to expose. Hawley had surely been favored by fortune in discovering this singer who chanced to resemble Hope so remarkably, and who, at the same time, was in such ignorance as to her own parentage. She would be ready to grasp at a straw, and, once persuaded as to her identity and legal rights, could henceforth be trusted implicitly as an ally.

Realizing all this, and comprehending also how easily Hawley would win her confidence and overcome his warning by denouncing him as a fugitive from justice charged with murder, the temptation to return and fight it out then and there became almost overpowering. He had no fear of Hawley; indeed, physical fear had scarcely a place in his composition, but he was not as yet sufficiently fortified with facts for the seeking of such an encounter. He could merely guess at the truth, unable to produce any proof with which to meet the gambler's certain denial.

A man came in through the office, and began climbing the stairs. He was almost at the landing before Keith recognized him or the other glanced up.

"Ah—seen her, I suppose?" "Yes," returned Keith, not thinking it worth while to mention the lady's denial of having sent for him. "I have just come from there."

"Hum—thought you'd be through by this time—fine looking girl, ain't she?—believe I'll run in and chat with her myself."

"I would advise you to select some other time, Doctor," said the younger, drily, "as the lady has a visitor at present."

"A visitor?" his face rosy, his shrewd eyes darkening. "Ah, indeed! Of the male sex?"

"I judge so—'Black Bart' Hawley." "Good Lord!" so startled his voice broke. "Did he see you?"

"Rather; I backed him up against the wall with a gun while I made my adieu."

"But what brought him there? Are they acquainted?"

"Don't ask conundrums, Doctor. He may be your rival with the fair lady for all I know. If he is, my sympathies are all with you. Only I wouldn't try to see Miss Christie just now; I'd wait for a clearer field. Hawley is probably not in the best of humor."

Fairbairn started into the face of the speaker, uncertain whether or not he was being laughed at.

"Reckon you're right," he acknowledged at last. "Tired, anyhow—been out all night—thought I'd like to see her again, though—finest looking woman I've met since I came West—remarkable eyes—well, I'll go along to bed—see you again to-morrow, Jack."

Keith watched the sturdy figure stamp heavily down the hall-way, loose boards creaking under his positive tread, and smiled to himself at the thought that he might have, indeed, become truly interested in the music hall singer. Somehow, the doctor did not harmonize with the conception of love, or fit graciously into the picture. Still, stranger matings had occurred, and Cupid does not ask permission before he plays pranks with hearts. Keith turned again toward the stairs, only to observe a woman slowly cross the office and commence the ascent. She was in the shadow, her face even more deeply shaded by her hat, yet he stared at her in amazement—surely, it was Miss MacLaire! Yet how could it be? He had left that person scarcely five minutes before in "26," and this stairway was the only exit. His hand grasped the rail, his heart throbbing strangely, as a suspicion of the truth crossed his brain. Could this be Hope? Could it be that she was here also? As her foot touched the landing, she saw him, her eyes lighting up suddenly in recognition, a wave of color flooding her cheeks.

"Why, Captain Keith," she exclaimed, extending her gloved hand frankly, "you have been to my room, and were going away. I am so glad I came in time."

"I hardly thought to meet you," he replied, retaining her fingers in his grasp. "When did you reach Sheridan?"

"Only last night. I had no idea you were here until Doctor Fairbairn chanced to mention your name. Then I at once begged him to tell you how exceedingly anxious I was to see you. You see, I was sure you would come if you only knew. I really thought you would be here this morning, and remained in my room waiting, but there were some things I actually had to have. I wasn't out ten minutes, so you mustn't think I sent you a message and then forgot."

The nature of the mistake was becoming apparent, and Keith's gray eyes smiled as they looked into the depths of the brown.

"Your message had rather an amusing result," he said, "as the doctor informed me that Miss Christie MacLaire was the one who desired my presence."

"Miss MacLaire!" her voice exhibiting startled surprise. "Why—why—oh, I did forget; I never told him differently. Why, it was most ridiculous." She laughed, white teeth gleaming between the parted red lips, yet not altogether happily. "Let me explain, Captain Keith, for really I have not been masquerading. Doctor Fairbairn and I arrived upon the same train last evening. He is such a funny man, but was very nice, and offered to escort me to the hotel. I remember now that although he introduced himself, I never once thought to mention to him my name. The town was very rough last night—the company had paid off the graders I was told—and there was no carriage, so we were compelled to walk. I—I never saw such a mob of drunken men. One came reeling against me, and brushed aside my veil so as to see my face. The doctor struck him, and then the marshal came up—you know him, Bill Hickock—and the impudent fellow actually declared he knew me, that I was Christie MacLaire. I tried to explain, but they hurried me on through the crowd to the hotel, and I became confused, and forgot. Do you suppose they registered me by that name?"

"Quite likely; at least Fairbairn still believes it was the Christie whom he so gallantly escorted last night."

"How provoking!" her foot tapping the floor, a little wrinkle between her eyes. "It seems as though I couldn't escape that woman—does she—does she really look like me?"

"At a little distance, yes," he admitted, "her form and face resemble yours very closely, but her hair is